

A Man After Midnight by moonflowers

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Summary:

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A Man After Midnight

Author's Note:

Just so we all know where we stand, this is pretty much just porn in which Billy wears a dress to an office costume party, and Steve fucks him. Can't say I didn't warn you.

I started this ages ago, but I always lose confidence in smut because I don't write it all that often, so it took me a while to get done. Still not sure about it tbh. I'm aware this is going to appeal to probably quite a small group of people haa but I just really wanted to write it.

Title from Abba.

The party was just as terrible as Steve had expected. It was an office party, so that went without saying, but he'd naively hoped his dad wouldn't stoop to something quite so nauseating for his sixtieth birthday. Of course, Steve would also be expected to sit through the boring as fuck fancy dinner with his parents and their various associates on the big day itself - which he was dreading by the way, Mrs Gibson still insisted on asking after Nancy - but that didn't make him feel any more enthusiastic about the the themed party his dad was throwing for all his employees at the office. Steve was pretty sure none of them could care less their boss was hitting the big six-zero, but Harrington senior was never stingy with the booze, so it was guaranteed to be well attended. The biggest problem Steve was currently facing, was that for some inexplicable reason, his dad's secretary had decided the party should be seventies themed. Now, Steve loved a good costume party, took it fairly seriously and always put a bit of effort in, but it was a theme he really could not and did not want to get behind. There was going to be Charlie's Angels, Huggy Bears and various members of Abba as far as the eye could see.

Every fear he'd ever had about the party had been proved correct when he'd gotten out of the cab and could already hear *We Are Family* from outside the building. At first glance, the costumes were

pretty terrible too, and Steve thought he looked appropriately awful. Lime green, eyewateringly tight flares, a sort of fascinatingly horrible brown patterned shirt, and a fur coat of his mom's. He wasn't really sure he looked seventies so much as costume store pimp, but, on looking around the room, it was obvious no one else's efforts were much better. Most people's were worse, actually. Steve had even heard whispers that Hargrove was wearing a dress, but he'd heard something similar going around at the last Christmas party, so he didn't pay it much mind. Besides, if fucking Hargrove, the most hyper-masculine asshole Steve had ever had the misfortune to meet, was to drag up, Steve was pretty sure it'd be ratchet as hell.

It was not.

When Steve first spotted him, *Macho Man* was, somewhat ironically, blasting out over the speakers. The dress was electric blue, and probably a little more eighties than seventies, but Steve wasn't about to nitpick. It was tight on the ass, a deep vee neck that showed his whole damn chest, and the fact that every dip and ridge of his fucking inhuman abs were visible *should* have ruined the illusion a little bit. Same went for the dark shadow of stubble on his chin he apparently couldn't quite get rid of, but it didn't. Trust Hargrove to wax his legs for the occasion, but draw the line at his face. The whole ensemble made his lovely thick ass a little more difficult to ignore, an impressive feat, considering the amount of time Steve had already spent sneaking glances at it in slacks. He purposefully looked higher up, to the gold earrings and more rings than usual, some kind of furry jacket thing over his tanned arms. He'd done something different with his long hair too, more waved than curly, and flicked back away from his face in a way decidedly seventies. Farrah Fawcett, eat your heart out. The make up was also surprisingly okay, Steve thought as he watched, stunned, as Billy stood among the other guys from his part of the office, all of them slapping him on the back and looking as though it was the most hilarious thing they'd ever seen. Steve fucking wished he found it as funny as he was probably meant to, rather than it making his already stupidly tight pants a little tighter. He had on an unfortunate eyeshadow that matched the dress, mascara on his already crazy long lashes - not that Steve had noticed before - and a bright red lipstick. Because apparently the asshole didn't do things by halves. Steve kind of hated his dad in that moment, for giving the

awful costume theme the green light. Probably hadn't been listening when his secretary ran it by him.

When Hargrove finally caught sight of Steve and sauntered over, *Ring My Bell* was playing and Steve wished he'd had about five more drinks. It wasn't until he got closer that Steve noticed his shoes - platform wedge heels that pushed him that inch or so he needed to be taller than him. He looked really fucking pleased about it too, the smug bastard.

"Harrington," he drawled, flicking his hair out of his eyes with a toss of his head.

"Hargrove."

"How do I look?"

"Slutty as hell."

"Good," Hargrove grinned, sharper than ever with his lips stained glossy scarlet. He ran his eye down Steve's costume, whistled. "Nice pants."

Steve raised an eyebrow. "Thanks. I hate them."

Hargrove looked, long and deliberate. "I don't know. They have their merits."

It occurred to Steve then, for about the thousandth time, that despite all the innuendo and charm he slapped on thick, no one seemed to know if Hargrove was involved with someone, or even if he preferred girls or guys or both or nothing. Though he'd still roll up to work with bleary eyes, a happy smile and a monster hickey every now and then. He could barely walk into a room without the girls giggling behind their hands. Essentially, Steve had no idea if any pass Hargrove had ever made at him was sincere or just to get a laugh out of Nicole at the next desk, and the guy was such an asshole, Steve had never tried all that hard to find out. But after as many tequila sunrises and bad disco tracks as he could stomach and that wicked look Hargrove was sending his way, Steve was inclined to try a little harder.

"Nice dress," he said in reply.

"Thanks," he smirked and tilted his chin up, preening. "It'd look even better on your bedroom floor."

Oh. Shit. Straight to it then. Steve's mouth went dry. He'd wanted to tumble into bed with the guy ever since his dad had hired him, but so far he'd managed to keep any fantasies about it solely in his head. Yeah, Hargrove flirted with him a lot, riled him up and teased him and poked fun, but then he seemed to give a lot of other people the same treatment. "That so?" he said, and Hargrove's smile widened. He felt that smoothness, surety that Hargrove always seemed to strip him of come back in full force, and he settled into it, letting his eye roam over him again. "Not sure I can wait that long."

Hargrove's eyebrow went up and he laughed, pleased and surprised before he reined himself in, ducked a little to say in Steve's ear, heavy and low, "then lead the way, pretty boy."

Honestly, Steve had been starting to think it was never destined to happen. They'd made it through two Christmas parties, one fourth of July, and various other charity and fundraiser things at the office, both filled to the gills with whatever booze his dad had got in for the employees for the occasion, without so much as an awkward fumble on top of the printer.

Steve started tugging him towards the bathroom because it was the only place in the building he could think of with lockable doors - besides his dad's office, and that was about the biggest turn off he could imagine - but Hargrove dug in his heels.

"The bathrooms, really?" he said over the opening bars of *Jungle Boogie*. "I ain't that nasty, Harrington."

"Really?" Steve said sceptically.

"Okay," Hargrove admitted with a shrug, "I am. But I've been thinking about shovin' you up against a copy machine for months and I'm not about to let you take that away from me."

"Fuck," Steve swallowed. "Okay."

Hargrove took his hand then, dragged them back through the crowd of their now way beyond tipsy colleagues, and into a side room a little way away from the rooms the party was being held in. It was decorated in the same functional blandness of everywhere else in the building, light walls and purple-grey carpet, rows of tidy white copy machines and printers underneath boring but okay paintings. Hargrove hefted a large pot with a rubber plant in it in front of the door. It was probably a fire hazard.

But the moment it was in place, they were shoving at each other, pawing and pinching and hands everywhere. Hargrove was careful not to kiss him though, perfect red slick of his lips deliberately not touching him, a whisper away from Steve's panting mouth. Steve was torn between wanting to keep that flawless lipstick intact and ruining it, smearing it all over Hargrove's pretty face. It wasn't long before Hargrove fulfilled his dream of shoving Steve against the copy machine. It banged against the wall with a grating plasticity clatter that couldn't have been good, and probably meant a memo about correct treatment of office machinery would be doing the rounds tomorrow. Hargrove palmed at the front of Steve's fucking ugly green pants, big hand hot and slippery across the sheen of the staticy fabric, calluses on his fingers caught on the shiny surface. God, he wished he was wearing literally anything else, but also wouldn't have swapped the glide of Hargrove's hand across that atrocious shiny fabric for the world. Hargrove's nails weren't done, but Steve kinda liked that, liked the reminder that he was with a guy with big guy hands, big blunt nails and wide palms.

"You know what, I lied. These pants are hideous Harrington."

"I know."

"God," Hargrove said, breath hot and tickling Steve's neck, giving Steve an appreciative grope, *Daddy Cool* seeping through from the next room. "I knew you'd be hung, but *God*."

"Yeah?" Steve knew he was big, didn't bother holding back the pleased smile on his face.

"Mm," Hargrove gave him another squeeze and licked his neck. Steve could feel his hard dick pressed up against his thigh, rocking against

him in short little thrusts. "And look at you all cute, acting like you don't know it."

"You're like a goddamn horny dog Hargrove, Jesus." Steve could almost see his tail wagging, an image he knew he hadn't drunk enough to actually be imagining, so he was left with the conclusion that finally hooking up with Hargrove was good enough to send him loopy.

"That make you a bitch?"

"I'm not the one in the dress."

Hargrove paused, pulled back ever so slightly to watch him closely. "You sure this isn't just the dress, Harrington?" he said, his face going hard and uneasy like he was already preparing himself for rejection, for Steve to change his mind. "You sure you won't flip out when you remember I've got a dick and no tits?"

Steve raised an eyebrow. "I dunno about that, I think your tits are actually pretty nice." He reached in to the front of the dress to cup Hargrove's stupidly muscled pec, felt the nipple harden under his palm, rubbed at it with the pad of his index finger. "And I happen to like dicks, idiot. More specifically, I happen to have wanted yours ever since you waltzed in the door."

"Perfect," any trace of uncertainty was gone from Hargrove's voice, face settling back into a smirk. "And you couldn't pull it off as well as me, sweetheart."

The he was on his knees, nosing at Steve's dick through the shiny fabric, breathing him in, smelling him, open mouth avoiding the obvious curve of his dick, careful not to smear his still perfect lipstick on the fly.

"You're going to feel fucking fantastic in my mouth, Harrington."

"If you're going to suck my dick, at least call me Steve."

"Steve," Hargrove said, looked up at him, eyelashes thicker than ever with mascara and blue eyes lined, lips coated that sickly, perfect, cherry red.

The plastic ridge of the copy machine dug into Steve's back as the chorus of *Hot Stuff* kicked in to enthusiastic singing from the next room. He was dimly surprised he'd heard no Abba yet. Hargrove didn't even bother to take off Steve's horrible green flares. He just smoothly slid open his belt and his fly to pull his dick out, shoved them and his briefs down just far enough for him to get at him, elastic pressing tight under his balls. Steve was big. He knew it and Billy'd known it, but he still looked fucking delighted at the sight of him, which okay, was another point to Steve's ego. And apparently the chance to get his mouth on Steve's dick was the line Hargrove was willing to cross to fuck up his lipstick. Steve's cock jumped at the combined sensations of seeing those devilish red lips take him in, and the feeling of him, Hargrove's tongue hot and wet, the sticky glide as lipstick smeared along his cock. It wasn't long before Hargrove's chin and mouth were smudged red and wet with precome. Steve tended to get real wet real quick, which partners either seemed to love or hate. Hargrove appeared to be among the former. He swallowed Steve down again, playing with his balls a little, pulling back to leave wet, red kisses along the length of him. Steve met his eyes as Hargrove reached down to stroke himself too, dick tenting the dress. His eyes fluttered as he hummed around his dick and Steve jerked and moaned, failing to keep himself in check. Billy pulled off to kiss at the head, breathing deep, his chin and Steve's dick both a mess of lipstick and precome.

"As much as I'd love for you to come on my face," he said, voice rough and used, and Steve's fingers clenched harder on the copy machine, "not today. I wanna feel you in me."

"You sure?" Steve said, a little blindsided. Not that he didn't want to, because *oh my god*, he just hadn't been expecting it. Any if it.

"Mm. Who knows if I'll have the chance again."

Something in Steve clenched painfully at that, and he wanted to tell him that was fucking ridiculous, and that he'd bang Hargrove any time he wanted if it made him happy, but the words themselves would sound too empty, and the notion itself too sentimental for what was probably nothing more than a quick fuck at a terrible office party. So he didn't say them.

"Okay, that's... I'd really like that. Where, though?" He'd had a lot of sex, made a bit of a name for himself in high school, had spent a lot of time in a lot of beds. Had fumbled around in the backs of cars, people's closets, gardens and by the lake, and everyone had had a good time. But the most adventurous place he'd had full, penetrative sex was on the couch instead of the bed.

Hargrove raised a perfect eyebrow. Steve wasn't a hundred percent sure if that was something he'd done along with the other make up, or if they always looked that precise. "The floor, where d'you think?"

"What?" Steve had once gotten a blow job bare-ass naked on the gritty shore next to the lake, and somehow the inoffensive purpley carpet was even less appealing. Maybe because he wasn't eighteen any more and his lower back was trying to tell him something.

"Where's your sense of adventure pretty boy? And besides," Billy grinned, hands tight on Steve's ass, "how else am I gunna ride you?"

And *fuck*, that did the trick. Fuck Louise Woods and her shitty too-much-tooth blow job, he was going to have Billy Hargrove on his dick on that ugly carpet if it was the last thing he did. "Okay."

"I knew you'd come around baby," Billy purred, produced lube and a condom from somewhere within the depths of his furry jacket thing. "Lie down for me?"

Steve snorted, eased himself to the floor with his pants still undone, dick still out and hard as he settled onto his back. "Impatient."

"Fuckin' right I am." Billy climbed on to straddle his thighs, hiked up his dress enough so that he could comfortably do so, "I wanna get that monster in me fucking ASAP." He curled a single finger loosely around Steve's cock, pulled it back and let go again just to watch it smack wetly against Steve's belly. Fuck. Billy just cackled and shifted around on Steve's lap. He was wearing the tiniest pair of black briefs Steve had ever seen, and was flatteringly hard underneath them.

"You didn't put on panties for me baby?" He was mostly joking, wasn't really fussy either way. The thought was a delicious one though; Billy's thick cock straining against something cut tight in red

lace or leopard print.

"Gotta save something for next time, sweetheart." Hargrove fucking winked at him, because of course he did.

"You're such a dickhead," Steve said, though inside he was fucking thrilled over the thought of a next time already.

Unable to help himself, and fairly certain Hargrove would tell him no if it wasn't okay, Steve eagerly shoved his hand into those little black briefs, running his palm across the whole hot length of him. Billy swore and jerked in his grip, before he lost patience and yanked them down out of the way altogether, not even bothering to take them off completely, just letting them hang around one of his knees.

"How d'you wanna do this? Steve said, watching Billy's exposed cock bob and smear precome on the bunched up dress.

"As long as that big ol' dick of yours gets in my ass sometime soon, I really don't care," Billy said. "You got any preference?"

"I want to watch you." The speed of Steve's answer was just as much of a surprise to him as it was to Hargrove.

"Shit," Billy swallowed, big blue eyes getting darker. "Okay."

Billy leant forward, weight on his knees and one hand, the other coated in lube as he opened himself up, Steve watching the shifting of his arm behind his back intently. He ran his hands all up Billy's smooth, tanned thighs and ass, muscles flexing under his grip. Probably on purpose, the beautiful, narcissistic asshole. Steve watched, enjoyed the weight of Billy over him, dick hanging heavy and balls on Steve's belly as he arched forward, fingers inside himself.

"See how wet I am for you, baby." Without waiting for an answer, Billy took hold of Steve's hand, moved it back and down to his ass, pressed his fingers to his lubed up hole.

"Fuck." He pressed Steve's finger gently just behind his balls, dragged it all the way up to his ass, dipping into the mess of lube around his hole. He couldn't help but arch up into the empty air, suddenly desperate for that same hot wetness on the tip of his finger around his

dick.

"Yep," Billy said, popped the p, and flicked the rubber he'd pulled out of his jacket on to Steve's chest. "Suit up, sweetheart."

Just as both of their questionable office sex fantasies were being fulfilled, Steve just putting his dick in, Billy sinking down slow, *You Sexy Thing* by Hot Chocolate came echoing through the office. And Steve was goddamn choking, the feel of Billy was so good, but managed to hiss out -

"You've got to be kidding me."

Billy just cackled through his own moaning and groaning and sank down faster, until Steve was all the way in and gasping, and grinned down at him. "Pretty appropriate, don't you think?"

Steve actually didn't hate cheesy seventies hits as much as he should, but he still didn't think it quite set the right tone when he was balls deep in someone.

"You're such an asshole," Steve said, though he couldn't help but snort with laughter a little too.

"Your dick is a fucking miracle baby," Billy groaned, started to roll his hips.

"Oh my God, shut up." But fuck, he didn't mean it, hearing Billy talk like that was fucking fantastic, made him seriously question how long he was going to last.

"God you're fucking enormous," he kept right on going. "Nothing turns me on more than a big fucking dick, Harrington, God."

"Ugh now you're just doing it to piss me off," Steve said, voice hitching embarrassingly obvious as he rocked up to meet him.

"Thing is, handsome, I don't think it does piss you off as much as you're making out."

Steve didn't get the chance to say anything back besides a mouthful of garbled vowels, because Billy picked that moment to start riding

Steve's dick hard, dress slipping off the shoulder and his chest bouncing. His dick gave another kick at the sight of him, the hard muscle of his pecs moving each time he thrust up, nipples small and hard and fuck, he wanted to bite them. He must have been staring, because Hargrove laughed, the sound jubilant and broken due to his vigorous bouncing on Steve's dick, and said -

"You sure do like my tits, Harrington. Maybe I'll let you come on 'em next time." Steve kind of hated the way that made him stutter and lose his rhythm, the thought of his come dripping down Billy's wide chest, catching on a hard pink nipple, sucking it off again to swallow it down, smear it on his lips and meet Billy's in a lazy, sex-stupid kiss. "Not tonight though. You come in me, or not at all pretty boy."

"Shit." Steve swallowed. "You always this chatty when you're in bed with someone?" It was a bit hypocritical of him; not that he was talkative, so much as just...loud.

"We're not in bed," Billy felt the need to point out, because he was an asshole. "And yeah."

"Lucky me." He had been going for sarcastic, but it came out more awed, more sincere, than he'd meant.

"You think anyone can hear us, Stevie?" Billy kept right on going as he worked himself on Steve's dick. "What if everyone could see us, huh? See how good you're giving it to me, baby." Steve thought that was a bit of an overstatement; Billy was doing most of the work, just straight up taking what he wanted. Not that he was complaining, it was fucking glorious. "Your big fucking dick so far up me I can practically feel it in the back of my throat."

"Jesus Christ." Steve kept one hand firm on the dip at the small of Billy's back, fingertips just digging into the delicious swell of his ass, using it as leverage to pull him down with each thrust, the other still gripping at the thickness of his thigh.

Billy made a small choking sound at the back of his throat, rhythm stuttering, blunt nails on Steve's chest catching on shirt buttons and biting at his own lipstick smudged lower lip. He came first, untouched, white clinging sticky to the dress and his chest and *oh--*

Steve whined, *fucking whined*, and sped up, thrusting up a into him, frantic.

"Fill me up baby," Hargrove all but purred, sounded all fucked out and rough and slack, "want to feel you, feel you drippin' out of me and running down my thighs."

"God, Billy." And they were using a condom, but shit if the thought wasn't hot as hell, his come rolling thickly down the softness of Billy's inner thigh under the dress. It was that thought that sent him over the edge, jerking up into Billy as the latter clenched around him in over-stimulation, mouth slack in silent gasps. It was also unfortunately the very same moment that The Bee Gees started playing. Several things Steve never would have expected had happened that evening, but he was certain that coming to the opening strains of *Stayin' Alive* was the fucking worst of 'em.

Billy slumped forward over him, mouthing sticky and lazy at Steve's neck, smearing the last of the lipstick into a patch of stubble. His softening dick was warm on Steve's belly, getting come all over his ugly shirt. Honestly, it was probably an improvement. He brought a hand up to stroke numbly at Billy's hair, fingers catching at the slightly more tame than usual waves.

The familiar opening bars of *Gimme Gimme Gimme* started to play from the next room, and Steve couldn't help the unreasonably loud bark of laughter at the sound of it. "I fucking knew it!"

"What?" Billy said, dozy and grumpy and warm, lips mumbling into Steve's neck.

"I *knew* there'd be Abba."

"You're such a fucking goofball," Billy patted all lazy at his chest in what was probably meant to be a comforting gesture, but there was still come on his fingers and it was kinda splatty and gross. Actually, it was Hargrove, he wasn't sure it was meant to be comforting. "There there, baby."

"Hey, Hargrove?" Steve said once he'd calmed the fuck down, stopped giggling outrageously at the chorus, was still rubbing absently at the

back of Billy's neck.

"What?"

"You wanna maybe... go get a drink or something?"

"That's real nice of you," Billy drawled, "but all I want right now is water, and I don't wanna be a cheap date."

Steve swatted loosely at whatever part of Hargrove he could reach. "I'm trying to ask you out, dipshit."

"You gonna make an honest man outta me, Mr Harrington?" Billy said. "Fuck knows you can afford it."

"Is that a yes?"

"Of course it is, pretty boy," Billy leaned back to kiss him properly, come and sweat, lipstick and tequila sunrise. "You coulda asked me on day one, and I probably would've said yeah."

"Yeah?" Steve knew he was smiling like a loon, too soft and too easy to read. He'd always been obvious.

"Yeah." Luckily the smile Billy gave him in return looked just as soft. "Now go and find me some fucking wet wipes of something, I wanna go dance with you."